VOL. 2, NO. 23 : SEPT. 27, 1934 : TEN CENTS

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An Important Announcement

It is with a great deal of pleasure that the TOWN CRIER is able to announce that W. K. Bassett is returning to Carmel to take up the position of Editor of the TOWN CRIER. He will assume his duties about the 15th of next month and those who know him need no further assurance that the paper, under his editorship, will be the livest and most interesting publication on the Peninsula.

For those who never had the joy of reading the *Carmel Cymbal,* started by Bassett in 1925 and suspended in 1927, when he left Carmel, we can say that it was always waited for with a great deal of interest and enthusiasm on account of the delightfully clever editorials, frank criticisms of plays and music, and for the pungent style of the editor.

Bassett never believed in sitting on the fence nor in soft-pedalling any issue, and although he made many enemies by his severe criticism, we believe that what he wrote was always well justified.

Coming from Honolulu, Bassett gave Carmel a paper that is still remembered as the best ever seen here, and after leaving Carmel he went to the *Boston Herald* for two years, gaining additional experience in Eastern journalism. After a short period he joined the *Providence Journal* as Suburban Editor, with whom he has been for the past five years, and could have had a permanent desk except for the fact that he yearned to come back to California.

After leaving Carmel, Bassett married Dorothea Castelhun, who had been working with him on the *Cymbal* as Associate Editor, and who is well known in Carmel through her books and other writings. It is not generally known that she was the author of a syndicated column called "Frills" which ran in the *Monterey Peninsula Herald,* although she was never very proud of it, as her taste does not run to things as light as that.

Mr. and Mrs. Bassett and their seven-year-old son started from their home in Rhode Island yesterday morning and are motoring back to their first love, Carmel.

With the coming of Bassett, several changes will take place in the TOWN CRIER, the most important of these being the association with it of Colonel Harold L. Mack of Monterey, who now has a studio over the Post Office in Las Tejas Building. Colonel Mack is a brilliant writer on economics and many other subjects as well. He plans, with the cooperation and assistance of Bassett, to make the paper at one and the same time a Carmel weekly, a California weekly and a National weekly. As soon as he and Bassett have had a chance to outline their plans, a new and totally different conception of a news-magazine will be announced, unlike anything yet attempted.

While we know the general lines along which the paper will be conducted, we would rather leave the announcement to them but we can assure our readers that it will be most interesting and well worth while.

We would like to suggest to those who will welcome Bassett back to Carmel as gratefully as we, that they send in their subscriptions to the TOWN CRIER at this time, so that he may find on his return to Carmel many of his old friends on the mailing list. We believe that this will be a fine way to show your appreciation of his return to Carmel.

—E. A. H. W.

Editor's Quill

THE Merriam-Sinclair contest, now in its initial stages, and promising to become much warmer before the campaign for the Governorship comes to a close in November, is not one to be regarded too seriously by either side.

Regardless of the outcome we may be assured that for the next two years, possibly longer, there will be little or no change in the general economic, industrial or agricultural situation in California.

Should Merriam be elected, which seems probable, we will go along a little better than we are now, making the best of and trying to remedy unsatisfactory conditions, with the consciousness that there will be no drastic or revolutionary action on the part of Governor Merriam or the Legislature.

With the election of Sinclair, the conservative and substantial people of the State, both labor and capital, would have nothing to unduly alarm them. Without a sympathetic Legislature Sinclair can do nothing to put over his fantastic schemes. Even should the EPIC man have a subservient law-making body after two years in office, the courts and the referendum would effectually halt his so-called half-baked proposals.

We repeat that while there is nothing much to fear from the Socialistic-Democratic Sinclair, it might be well for the tranquility of the State to defeat him at the polls in order to avoid the turmoil and uncertainty that his official presence in Sacramento would bring about.

—W. L. O.

BASED upon the fact that a number of people have experienced difficulty in operating the combination lock boxes in the Post Office and upon the further fact that the lobby space is inadequate, and upon the erroneous statement that the new location did not afford sufficient auto parking space, a local weekly newspaper is advocating delivery of mail by carrier. Many residents are in favor of this proposal; many more, as has been learned by much questioning, are opposed.

The only arguments of the proponents of the plan have been stated above. Those against submit the following as their reasons for maintaining the present method of mail handling:

First—All ordinary first-class local letters, bills, statements, meeting notices, etc., in envelopes, would require two-cent postage, even if one retains a box, instead of one cent, as now.

Second—There would be no letter or newspaper mail delivery (except Special Delivery) on Saturday afternoons, Sundays or holidays, as now, in boxes.

Third—Carmel is different and distinctive in that most residents do not care to number their houses, as is done in other towns. They prefer to name their places.

Fourth—In Carmel for years and years the Post Office has been very much a social center, a place where everyone meets his friends every day or so. Residents have become accustomed to this to the extent of discouraging the carrier idea.

Fifth—The fact that people come to the Post Office for mail brings them into closer contact with what is going on in the community in general. And, incidentally, they do more satisfactory and a greater volume of local shopping when they come up town.

No, we do not want carriers. What we do want, and will take means to secure, is a Post Office better equipped and with space enough to move around in and work in efficiently and comfortably.

—E. A. H. W.

❀ ❀

We have just heard of an interesting exhibition to be held in Carmel on Friday, October 5th. An enthusiastic little body of people known as All Saints Parish Guild are responsible for this entertainment, and they have called it "An Ancient and Modern Exhibition of Handicrafts."

From what we hear there will be some valuable and historic exhibits, including pictures, pottery, jewelry, curios, antique quilts, rare books, and a host of other things too varied to list.

The exhibition will take place at All Saints Parish House on Monte Verde Street, between 2 and 8 p.m. and the price of admission will be 25 cents including refreshments.

Poetry

THE NEW DEAL

The endless wars for prize and place
The evils that retard the race
And all the ills we would have faced
Are not without a cause

The lords of ancient Greece and Rome
The Kaisers lately overthrown
Reap that which they themselves had sown
Obeying nature's laws

To meet the needs of modern man
We should devise a better plan
Than that which served old Genghis Khan
And Sitting Bull

And better plans have oft been made
And tho' they were as oft betrayed
Man's debt to man shall yet be paid
And paid in full.

We can and must cooperate
To build anew the ideal state
Wherein all greed and strife and hate
Shall cease

Wherein from competition free
We'll have an opportunity
To work and live in harmony
And peace

—FRANK KEENAN

❀ ❀

ERRATUM

In last week's issue credit was given to Harold L. Mack for the letter addressed to Henry L. Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury. It appears that this letter was the result of a conference between Mr. Mack and Mr. Edward Bruce, the well-known artist, who was at the head of the Public Works of Art Project, and that it was written by Mr. Bruce.

❀ ❀

The old Denny-Watrous Gallery, in its new location on San Carlos Street, will be ready for opening next week. A feature of the winter season will be a Liberal Forum, which will include a series of lectures and debates by many outstanding speakers and scientists.

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News of the Hamlet

Two performances of "The Drunkard," the first at 7 o'clock, the second at 9, will open the new Denny-Watrous Gallery on San Carlos Street, on Saturday evening, October 6th.

The players are the San Francisco "Drunkard" cast, which has performed so many weeks at the Palace Hotel, and includes Neely Edwards, master of ceremonies, Cornelia Clampett, Peggy Converse, Ray Witcher, Nestor Paiva, and, of course, Rice and Cady.

They will present their latest hits, "Little Nell," "Bicycle Built for Two," "By the Sea," and Rice and Cady have an act of their own. Songs will be plentiful.

In addition there will be a showing of the silent movie, "East Lynne," and Galt Bell will be in the house.

Tickets, general admission 75 cents, reserved $1.25, are on sale at the gallery.

❀ ❀

As the fall and winter rainy season approaches, the members of the CCC organization at Big Sur, down the Monterey coast, must seek their recreation indoors, and this involves much reading. Only a small number of books and magazines are on hand in the camp at present. Monterey Peninsula residents are urged to contribute such reading matter as they have no further use for to the camp library. They may be left at the Monterey Chamber of Commerce, from which place weekly shipments will be made by army

❀ ❀

After three months at Southampton, Long Island, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Fish are again at their famous Carmel Valley ranch. Young Stuyvesant is in school in Santa Barbara.

❀ ❀

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hamilton have just returned to their home in Carmel Highlands after a three months trip to the East.

❀ ❀

Charles Marsden, laboratory technician of the Velie Clinic has left Carmel to attend the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. Here he will continue his work in medical college, having been awarded a scholarship for his ability as a student.

❀ ❀

Richard Buhlig has come here from Los Angeles to spend two weeks in Carmel, having taken a cottage on Carmelo. Mr. Buhlig is resting here before starting a series of four concerts in New York. His superb performance in Carmel of Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" Sonata and Bach's "Art of the Fugue" are still remembered as epic making in our history.

❀ ❀

Notwithstanding the action of the Democratic Convention in Sacramento in endorsing Sinclair for Governor, many local Democrats are calling daily at the Carmel Merriam headquarters to announce their support of the Governor. "I can't swallow this sugar-coated pill," said one Jeffersonian Democrat.

❀ ❀

After a period of study of the dance at Mills College, Ruth Austin (Mrs. Mattamore) has returned to Carmel. She plans to resume teaching here early next month.

❀ ❀

Miss Mary Ingels, pianiste, and Ross J. Cowen, journalist, were married recently in Fresno. Both are well-known in the artistic circles of the Monterey Peninsula.

❀ ❀

"The King's Highway," moving picture romance of early California, will shortly be filmed on the Monterey Peninsula. Henry B. Walthall is slated to enact the role of Father Junipero Serra.

❀ ❀

The Carmel Woman's Club will open its tenth season next Monday. With the exception of the Garden Section all meetings will be held in the commodious Girl Scout House.

❀ ❀

The Carmel Red Cross Chapter announces the opening of the annual membership drive on Armistice Day, November 11th. The campaign will continue until Thanksgiving Day, the last Thursday in November.

❀ ❀

Completion of additions and alterations at the Grace Deere Velie Clinic, making of the institution a first class general hospital, will permit of the installation of new equipment at an early date.

❀ ❀

A number of election officers at the August Primary, though also designated to serve in November, will not do so. They assert that the compensation is too small. Some boards were on duty more than twenty hours, for which they were paid $5 each.

❀ ❀

Mrs. Sidney Robertson, ensemble pianist and teacher, has located permanently in this city, having established a studio on Casanova Street. She was a pupil of several outstanding instructors.

Book Reviews

"Our Friend the Dog Series," edited by Rowland Johns. (Dutton, $1.00).

This remarkable series continues to increase in popularity throughout America. There is no wonder in this. For these excellent manuals are the latest work in practical advice to all dog fanciers, breeders, owners and friends. The volumes already published have become well established in the esteem of press and public alike. As long as the bookseller keeps them where the public can see them, they sell themselves. Wherever they are given window-displays, they have demonstrated extraordinary sales value; they have been and will continue to be widely advertised.

Each book gives expert information on breeding, rearing, training, exhibiting the dog; ailments common to the breed and how to cure them; descriptions of the Official Standards; history, etc.

Already published in this series are: "Our Friend the Cocker Spaniel," the "Cairn," the "Fox-Terrier," the "Wire Haired Terrier," the "Chow-Chow," the "Pekingese," the "Airedale," the "German Shepherd Dog," the "Irish Setter," the "Scottish Terrier," the "Labrador," the "Dachshund," the "Sealyham," the "Dalmatian (or Coach Dog or Fire Dog)."

❀ ❀

"The New Temple Shakespeare," edited by M. R. Ripley, M. A. (Dutton).

The original "Temple Shakespeare," first published in 1894, has become world famous—having sold no less than five million copies! It is unquestionable that there will always remain a vast demand among schools, societies, individuals and libraries, for a "One-play-per-volume" convenient, pocket edition of Shakespeare. This is what the famous "Temple Shakespeare" has always been.

During recent years Shakespearean scholarship has made revolutionary developments, and the text, satisfactory forty or even twenty years ago, is no longer so. Mr. M. R. Ridley, to whom the very responsible task has been entrusted of producing a text in the light of modern scholarship, has established himself as a critic of individuality and learning. His work on the "New Temple Shakespeare" is carried out with great originality, thoroughness and practical ability. His aim is to give readers, with the least distraction possible, the nearest approximation that can be made, in the light of the best reasearch, to what Shakespeare actually wrote. With little doubt, this text should be the standard one for years to come.

Other volumes will continue to be issued at the rate of two a month, until the forty are completed, including a "Life of Shakespeare," very brief of "the man," and considerably fuller of "the dramatist."

❀ ❀

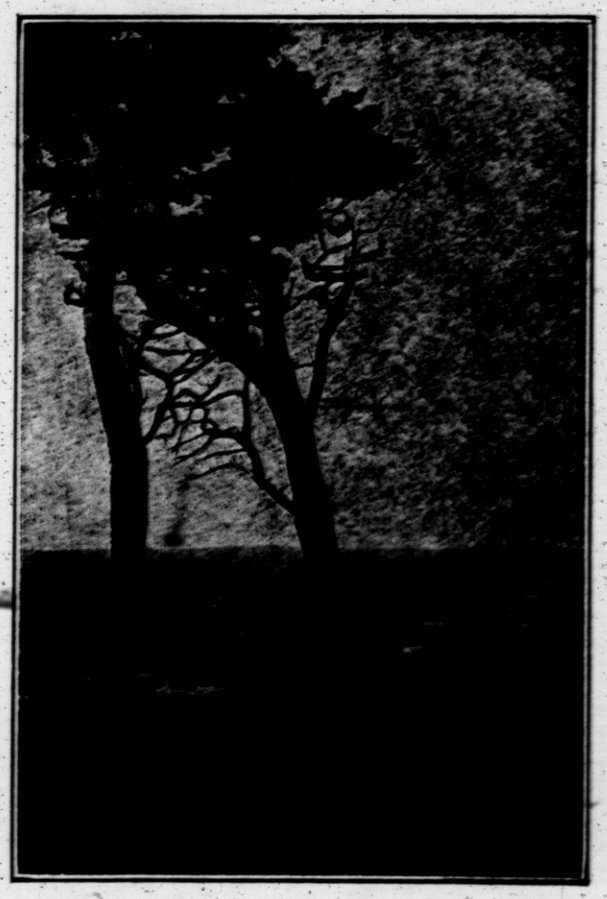
There were twenty Scouts present for the September 21st meeting of Troop 86. Scoutmaster John Neikirk announced the program for the Father and Son Banquet, and asked the patrols to volunteer for various tasks. The troop then divided up into patrol groups to discuss and work out stunts to be given at the banquet.

On reassembling as a troop, one of the Committeemen, Mr. Dorsett, told the troop about the plans for the Cub Scout Pack now being organized in Carmel. Since some of the older Scouts are to be asked to serve as den chiefs for the younger boys organization, and all of the Cubs too will later become Scouts, all were interested in hearing about cubbing.

The best good turn of the week was done by Harrison Foster, who rescued a cat from a tree. His pal Ralph Lee helped boost him up the tree. Ralph is rather light for this task but the tree was climbed and the cat rescued so every one was happy.

The troop played their regular game of beckon and assembled for the closing ceremony.

—MERLE DORSETT



Book Notes

Though it is a $10,000 prize story, the critics are not much excited over Mary Bickel's "Brassbound." They agree, however, that this *Liberty Magazine* serial will make a swell moving picture attraction.

❀ ❀

Nearly two years after its first publication, "Life Begins at Forty," by Walter Pitkin, remains a best-seller.

❀ ❀

About October 15th Knopf will bring out Jules Romains' "The Proud and the Meek." It is the third in his series of "Men and Good Will."

❀ ❀

Funk & Wagnalls now announce that Allen Tate's "Dixie Muse" will not be out until next February. It was first scheduled for next month.

❀ ❀

Now on sale in the big town book shops is the new Van Dine mystery story "The Casino Murder Case." The Casino is a small-sized Monte Carlo in New York City's Central Park.

❀ ❀

Says a well-known columnist: "Perhaps more publishing scouts drop into Brook, Indiana, than any other American small town. They are, of course, trying to flush out Brook's most celebrated citizen, George Ade, to write fiction, articles or what-not on any subject he chooses."

❀ ❀

Meredith Nicholson, best known for his "House of A Thousand Candles," has rounded out a year as minister to Paraguay and also a sabbatical year at writing. He closed his typewriter when he sailed away. Heretofore he has turned out a novel annually along with several short stories and essays.

❀ ❀

Almost recovered from injuries received in a fall from a horse, Mrs. Robert C. Monteagle has returned to her Junipero Street home from the hospital.

SOCIAL CREDIT

(Continued from last week)

This, the sixth of the twelve articles on Social Credit prepared by David Warren Ryder for newspaper readers, begins to show some of the ramifications of finance and its stranglehold on industry and business. It is interesting to observe that until recently financiers—including bankers and insurance and investment men—have attempted to fight Social Credit, but that now they are more ready to listen to its proposals. This is because they are finding that every measure taken so far has only stabilized the depression instead of lifting it, and they are now willing to listen to what Major Douglas has proposed. —ED.

ARTICLE VI

Before prescribing its "remedies," Social Credit continues its thorough diagnosis of the "disease" and complete explanation of its symptoms.

In a previous article there was pointed out the mistake people make in believing that banks are merely institutions that look after people's money and lend the actual money they are given to look after. Instead, we were shown that they are also permitted to increase and destroy money pretty much at will, whereby it is easy for those who control banking policy to bring on either booms or depressions at will.

"But," someone may say, "how about the limitation on granting loans imposed on the banks by their cash reserves? Doesn't that prevent their "creating money, as you call it, out of nothing by merely making some entries in a book?"

Well, this limitation is not a very rigid one. The common banking practice is to create for lending purposes not more than 10 times the amount of their cash reserves, and the following illustration may serve to show just what this limit amounts to.

To keep it simple, let us suppose that I start a bank with $1,000 cash reserves and $500 in cash. You come in, and on the security of your business request a loan of $10,000 (10 times the amount of cash reserves). I say, "All right, sir," enter $10,000 in my books, give you a cheque book and tell you, "You now can draw cheques up to $10,000 but don't forget to repay me in three months with interest at 5 per cent."

It is true that, if you had insisted, I could have let you have the use of $500 in cash if you had said that you needed it to pay wages.

But I couldn't give you any more cash, for the very good reason that I hadn't any more, and I should certainly have hoped that you didn't ask, because the whole banking system is operated on the assumption that the majority of the depositors will be willing to use cheque money for carrying on the bulk of their businesses. Indeed, we recently have witnessed what occurs when too many depositors come at once to ask for cash.

However, to come back to our simple example, it will be seen that as the result of the transaction just described, my bank is securing interest on $8,500 more money than it had when your loan was granted.

"Very well," you may say, "what is so bad about that?" And the Social Credit people answer by saying, in effect, that the thing that is wrong about it—economically, and not morally—is that it permits the control of the supply of cheque money, or credit, by which nine-tenths of the civilized world's business is done, to be exercised by the great financiers and private concerns who determine the banking policy of the country and whose interests in the matter are mainly contrary to the public's interest.

It is in the interest of the people that money should be plentiful, while it is in the interests of the financiers that it should be scarce; first, because being the world's chief leaders, they do not want people to be well off lest they cease to borrow, and second, because they are dealers in money—they actually buy and sell it—and every dealer wants the commodity in which he deals to be scarce, as Lord Milner has said, because that gives it a higher valuation in terms of other kinds of commodities.

Since people must have money, the financiers want to keep the value of money high by keeping the supply scarce—for when there is only a little money, what there is will buy more of other goods—and thus those who control the supply of money will have greater power.

For this reason the financiers will not permit any new cheque money (credit) to come into existence except in the form of bank loans—debts owed to a bank, on which interest must be paid. The effect of this to make prices top-heavy, while buying power remains starved.

Bank loans are made to producers and distributors of goods, and in order to be able to repay the principal and interest of the loans the producers and distributors are obliged to add them to the price of the goods they sell. This, as already has been explained, makes it impossible for the consumers to buy all the goods that are produced; and when this process goes on for some time it impoverishes the community.

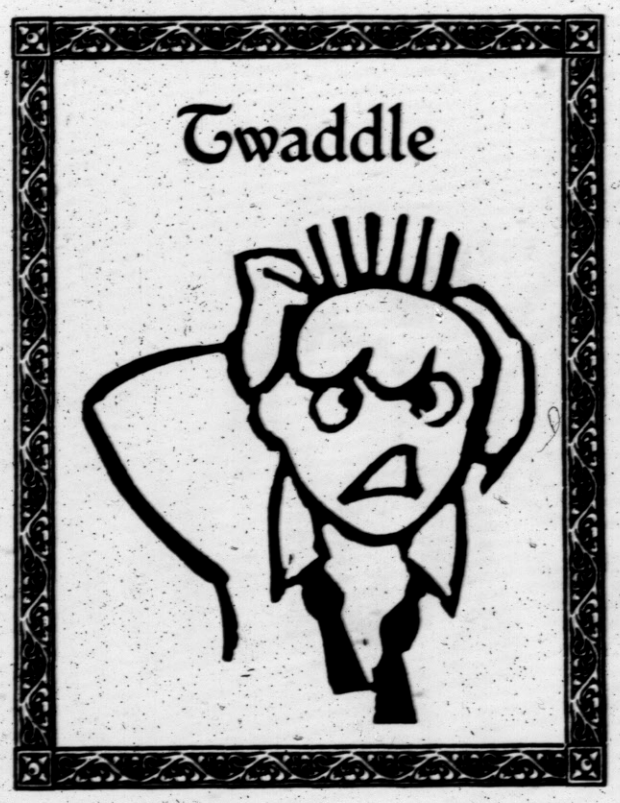
Consequently, assert the Socitl Credit people, under a sensible system, when an increased amount of goods is produced, new money would come into existence in the form of a free loan to producers and a gift to consumers, and not as a debt owed to anyone, since real wealth consists of goods, and money should be only tokens or tickets to facilitate its orderly and equitable exchange.

No one, they contend, should have the right to buy and sell money, and no one, not even the government, should be allowed to turn the actual creation of money into a profit-making business.

Money should be treated only as we ourselves would treat it—that is to say, solely as a medium for bringing about an exchange of goods—and the new money supply should be regulated as a national service, with the sole object of aiding people to buy all they need of what can be produced.

Thus, the first thing that Social Credit calls for is just what the name implies—the socialization of credit or money. How they propose to do this will be explained in a coming article.

(To be continued next week)



To My Public:

Various complaints have been received by this Department intimating that this dashing off is being perpetrated by one erstwhile w. k. (yea—*very* w. k.) Carmel scribe, whose initials (fortunately or unfortunately—take your choice and all be happy) seem to be quite similar to mine.

Such is no. What to do? Should I be flattered—or—well, skip it.

Now that I've established my sex—(?)

❀ ❀

This week's activity seems to have been knitting. Beach knitting—fireside knitting and just plain knitting. Beach knitting consists of an appropriate costume—a blanket (not the just good old blanket, but a Winter model specially designed for effect), a Cocker Spaniel, and a firm determination to knit *something* effectively.

Fireside knitting is something else again. The same idea carried a bit further. Very soft, soothing lights and an atmosphere of feminine domesticity—usually accompanied by complicated knitting instructions. There is nothing like a good complicated instruction as an aid to combatting Los Lobos.

❀ ❀

Saturday afternoon a few of the localites enjoyed a grand cocktail party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilson in Monterey. (I understand that setting-up exercises were indulged in after the party—thereby allaying all health qualms). Among the calisthenists were Tommy Bunn, who calls the La Playa home, Tommy Tooker, Nancy Cocke, June Norvell, Mike Mitchell and Charlie Lyons. Ah—there's a man what has a JOB! Mr. Lyons is the conscientious WESTERN representative of a railroad which doesn't run any further west than Kansas City. How it's done—just find someone who'll find another railroad to carry your freight through Texas, round and about places to Kansas City, and then Charlie's line will agree to take it over! (That is, if you ask nicely, of course).

❀ ❀

BALI-RUMORS:

Monteagles—Bob Smith (Synonomous) Dave Davis. Florence Parker with a very, very nice Lieutenant. George Aucourt, still exclusively exclusive in his own company. Colin Alderman and Sybil Leonard. Bob Clampett on his way from San Francisco to New York. (God's truth—how that man covers territory!). George Graft—unusually melancholy. Bob Gilmore.

❀ ❀

GUEST OF HONOR AND ATHLETIC DEPTS. combined:

Mr. Thomas Tooker.

❀ ❀

Pity poor Bob Gilmore. Four close just like that pals of his from San Francisco just couldn't wait to get here for the Artists' Br—(typographical error) Ball, so Bob hair-teared around getting invitations, costumes, dates—and dates for them. After successfully completing all items he telephoned glad and bad news—the good for them and the bad being his complete collapse after the fray.

"Hello. Oh ye-s-s, Bob! Oh ye-s-s. Say old man, we won't be able to make it this week. Hello—hello—Hey, fellers, the big lug hung up!"

❀ ❀

Bill Staniford has a partner in crime this week. (Not that he needs one). Will Brunning of San Francisco is visiting him.

❀ ❀

John Sparks has come out of retirement and arrived in Carmel the other night, but doesn't look very happy about it. Maybe he isn't.

❀ ❀

Miss Patricia Collier sipping ice-cream sodas in Whitney's. Miss Collier was stunning in one of her many interesting sports costumes.

❀ ❀

Now let's all serenade Dale Leidig:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!

You thought you fooled me, didn't you Dale? (!? * œ)

—P. C.

It won't be long now!

The great Bal Masque takes place on Saturday night of this week.

The affair is being staged under the auspices of the Carmel Art Association, which is made up of nationally known artists who now live in the famous art colony. Armin Hansen, marine painter, heads the general committee assisted by William Ritschel, Paul Whitman, Francis McComas, E. Charlton Fortune, Jo Mora and others.

San Francisco and Peninsula society who are planning to attend the affair are now busy designing costumes for the ball. Original designs and unusual selections of costumes will help to make the affair colorful and spectacular.

The ball will be held in the luxurious main dining room of Hotel Del Monte. The dining room and the entire hotel will be appropriately decorated for the occasion.

According to present plans the ball will start at 9:30 o'clock and will continue until dawn. At midnight, the unmasking will take place, followed immediately by interesting entertainment and a floor show.

The Bal Masque will be strictly invitational. No one will be allowed to enter without a costume or a mask. An art association committee will be at the door to pass on this requirement.

While the Carmel artists and writers are in complete charge of the affair they are being assisted by a group of socially prominent residents. They include Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Tyrrell-Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dougherty, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter Russell, Miss Mary Hayne, Miss Ann McNaghten, Baroness Max von Romberg and others.

❀ ❀

At a meeting of the Carmel Music Society, held at the home of Mrs. James Parker, the artists for the coming season and the dates of their appearance were determined as follows: October 29th, "Don Cossacks Male Chorus"; February 2nd, Josef Hofmann, pianist; February 15th, Stravinsky and Drushkin; March 23rd, Budapest String Quartette.

❀ ❀

Mr. Miller of Bakersfield, the new part owner of the *Pine Cone*, is expected here about October 1st. Mrs. Miller is already on the job. She is a charming little lady.

This and That

Successful outcome of experiments at present being undertaken at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla, aiming at the production of pearls from abalones, which prevail along some parts of the California coast, notably in Southern California and in the vicinity of Carmel and Pebble Beach, may result in the establishment of a new and flourishing industry.

La Place Bostwick of Key West, Fla., investigator of this probable industry, has been successful in growing pearls in the large pink conch and has recently come to La Jolla to attempt the production of pearls by abalones, a feat which no one as yet has succeeded in doing.

Bostwick says it is not the lowly oyster that makes the most beautiful pearls but other members of the mollusk family. The beauty of a pearl depends on its lustre, or orient, and color, which are determined by the quality of the "pearly nacre" secreted by the mollusk. Lack of lustre in the oyster accounts for the dull and less valuable pearls it produces.

What are commonly known as "pearl" oysters are not oysters at all but members of the Margarita family. Pearls grown in fresh-water mussels take on all the varieties of color and shade, including metal tints. The pearls share the coloring of the inner layer of shell.

In a fresh-water mussel, four years are required for a pearl to reach maturity and beauty, and two years in a conch, but it is believed less time will be needed for abalones to produce perfect pearls. The famous Nordica drop pearl, in Madame Nordica's collection, was an abalone pearl weighing 176 grains. It was found in Southern California waters.

Nature causes the mollusk to secrete its "pearly nacre" over any foreign substance, such as sand or shell, causing irritation to it. The first layer formed is not beautiful, but succeeding layers produce the beauty and lustre of perfect pearls.

❀ ❀

TAKING LIBERTIES WITH FACTS

Editor TOWN CRIER:

Average men have always been surrounded by a conspiracy of lies. Although it is a culpable mistake to mislead and deceive the minds of the people whatever the object one may have, we see scenario writers and producers, in spite of having in fiction an unlimited field for their imagination, under cover of an educational purpose, for reasons unknown—political, financial or both—bringing forth historical facts, where they seem to take pleasure in torturing and disguising the truth.

After "Rasputin," "The House of Rothschild." I heard so much talk about the latter, praise and criticism, that I wanted to judge the film for myself. Brought up in a time when through direct traditions I could hear so much regarding the financial deeds and the origin of this powerful House, the episode of the Battle of Waterloo has remained vivid in my mind.

It is rather too difficult for a clear intelligence, a sane psychologist, to admit that a financier, especially a Jew, would sacrifice his personal fortune for the sake and glory of a country that actually was not his own. The truth was that in 1818 Nathan-Meyers-Rothschild, the head of the House, was not yet the powerful man shown in the picture. He was just about to climb the ladder.

By the use of carrier-pigeons and fast sailing boats, in many circumstances, already he had managed to be informed first of all of facts that would greatly influence the financial world, for it should be remembered that 1818 and 1918 offer many analogies—the same disorders, the same troubles in both periods. Nathan was able to control for his own profit the European stock markets. It is just what he did in this decisive turning of the world's history. He was not in London when the fight was raging at the other side of the sea, neither was he sharing valiantly the dangers of Wellington and his allies. He was safe in the vicinity of the battle, watching closely its tragic development, ready to act for his own benefit, whatever the issue might be. As soon as he learned of the allies' victory he mounted a horse ready for the purpose, galloped to Antwerp, jumped on the boat there waiting, and sailed to London. And succeeded in reaching the English capital in time to spread, in crocodile tears, the false news of the defeat.

What happened afterwards is easy to guess. The immediate fall of all the allies' liabilities and the buying of them by secret agents. Thus, on the next day, when the triumphal news of the victory reached the city, it found the Jew master of the place.

This is the main origin of the tremendous fortune and the terrific power of the House of Rothschild. Knowing the facts, who would wonder that England and most of the nations of Europe have ostracized the film.

—P. L.

THE LAST OF A PUBLIC MENACE

No longer shall the wail, "Elmer! Oh where is Elmer?" torture the ears of those that are seeking him. No longer will the seemingly endless quest bring tears to the eyes of strong men, weakened by countless, unsuccessful, attempts to lay that elusive person by the heels. Once more the righteous shall have peace and no more will they have to twist and squirm and toss on their couches of virtuous solitarity while racking their brains to discover a way to capture the person that has disrupted three great National American Legion Conventions.

For *Elmer* has been captured. Grim and silent men with orders to shoot on sight are guarding him at the present. In a secret locality the arch perpetrator of commotion and turmoil, gaunt and hollow-eyed from the strain of suspense, is awaiting his coming trial.

On the night of October 6th *Elmer* will be taken to the Manzanita Club and there, during an intermission of "A Night in the Doghouse" he will be judged by a jury of his peers, men who are determined that the Master Schemer shall be eliminated from public contact for all time to come.

Carmel Post 512, American Legion, is going to give all Legionaires and their Veteran Friends an opportunity to be witnesses at the trial. Judging by the furore that *Elmer* created at the State Convention at San Francisco last August the Manzanita Club will be packed to the utmost capacity.

All those who are in a position to testify against *Elmer* are hereby not only invited, but are notified to be present, on October 6th, so that the conviction and subsequent sentencing of this shadowman can be brought to speedy termination.

Any one of the following will be glad to furnish tickets of admission to all Legionaires in good standing. Jimmy Reagan, Major Landers, Captain Pat Hudgins, Jack Schroeder, Floyd Mangrum and Fred McIndoe.

❀ ❀

Commemoration of the Junipero Serra sesquicentennial on a postage stamp has again been requested of Postmaster General Farley.

The request points out that 1934 has been designated as "Junipero Serra year" by the State Legislature and that Serra has been honored in the Nation's Hall of Fame as a California pioneer and founder of the famous missions, and is thereby entitled to recognition nationally.

WHITHER, FOREST THEATER?

By William Millis

The Forest Theater is now in one of the most crucial moments in its history. During these coming winter months the governing board of that organization will have to make important decisions as to the future policies in respect to plays and other entertainments of Carmel's oldest dramatic group. The people of Carmel have a vital interest in the steps that are taken in the future to rebuild the Forest Theater and bring it out of the doldrums that it has lapsed into during the last two or three years.

By years of effort the Forest Theater achieved a nation-wide reputation for the quality and character of its productions—whether they were the tragedies or comedies of Shakespeare, an amusing comedy by a modern dramatist, or the work of local writers. During the depression years Shakespeare has been abandoned and has been replaced with "sure-fire popular hits," most of which have been "glorious flops." Because of these failures several hundred dollars of debt have been accumulated, taxes have gone unpaid, and the unkept grounds have looked like rack and ruin.

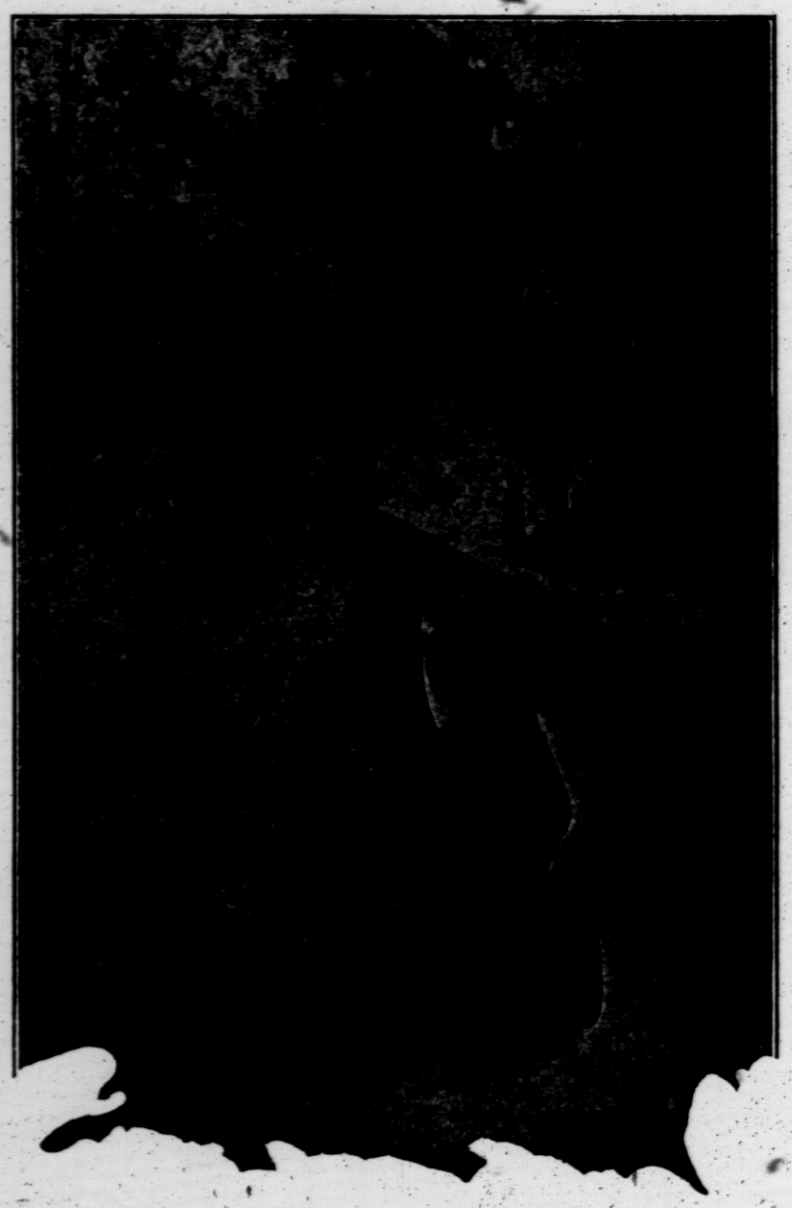
The twenty-fifth season this summer brought forth a "cowboy comedy" (?) which was caustically called "the local lemon of all time" and an Anatole France play which in the future will be remembered as "local lemon No. 2." The success of the Village Fair on Labor Day week-end, however, saved the Forest Theater from what would have probably been final and complete extinction. The over six hundred dollars profit will allow paying off of part of the debts and will re-establish the credit of the organization. Temporarily, at least, the Forest Theater will be on its feet.

The issue today is which of three courses will be adopted for the future. The three courses open for the group at the time, each of which finds its advocates among the members of the board, are:

1. Return to Shakespeare and the classics, advocated because it was the successful policy of the Forest Theater when it was at its height.

2. Elimination of the so-called "high brow" plays—produce popular plays and make the Village Fair an annual event for Labor Day week-end. This complete change is advocated by "new dealers" in the organization who believe that only by a new tack in the course will the Forest Theater be able to rebuild itself.

3. A middle course which would adopt the best features of the first two plans.



This writer believes that the middle course idea would be the most preferable. Though at best it would only be a compromise, it is the only plan that could be adopted without arousing controversy between the various groups in the organization. Under such an arrangement the annual Summer Festival of the Forest Theater would include at least two plays, one by Shakespeare, and the Village Fair at the end of the season. Also more time should be spent in preparation and practice, so the performances will be at least fairly-well presented.

Equally important as the aforementioned things to the Forest Theater, and this problem applies also to the Golden Bough Players, the Community Players, the Carmel Music Society, and the Denny-Watrous Gallery, is the issue of conflicting dates. Carmel's history is blackened with numerous "wars" between various dramatic or musical groups. When Perry Newberry wrote "A Pacifist Plea" in the *Pine Cone* last May he caused the publishing of letters of denunciation and denial from heads of local dramatic groups. Despite these apparently honest statements, the same over-lapping of dates existed again this summer. Edward Kuster is credited with a statement to the effect that the over-lapping of dates doesn't matter and that there are enough people for eight theatrical groups in Carmel. There were seven once, I'm told. At the time of the Serra Pageant two plays and a dance program were put on at the same time, mainly for the benefit of the several thousand visitors. Still our local dramatic entrepreneurs lost and lost plenty on those three shows. Lately rumors have been heard around the village that a new schedule of dates has been worked out for next year. Let's hope it's adopted! It's past time.

These next few months are going to see the making or breaking of the Forest Theater. Which way shall it turn? Whither, Forest Theater?

❀ ❀

For the season to date Carmel's rainfall is heavier than last year at this time. This year we have .40 inch; last year but .07. As 1933 was a light rain year, we may anticipate heavier rains throughout this season.

❀ ❀

The recently completed Earl Graft residence has been sold to Mrs. Virginia Elizabeth Carr. Also reported sold last week is the Markham residence. Looks as though real estate and improvements are picking up.

One Life's Record

An Anonymous Autobiography

(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER 3

With the coming of darkness I found a deep-rutted wagon trail and plodded on. The boots, plus the roughness of the road, made walking difficult, and as the wind rose and a cold rain began to fall, the difficulties piled up. Chuck holes brimming with semi-liquid clay trapped me, the cold mud finding its way into my boot-tops. Slippery stretches came when it was all but impossible to keep erect. Many times I fell and rolled in the soft muck. It grew so dark that I lost all sense of direction. But whether or not I was nearing the coal-mining town had become a secondary problem; the chief thing now being to keep to the road and find shelter.

On and upward I splashed and stumbled. I tried to whistle, but my chattering teeth prevented. Long after I'd lost all sense of distance covered or time passed, a structure loomed at the right. It was a cabin of rough boards. I found the door, but knocking brought no result. The door was unpadlocked, however, and I entered boldly and fumbled around. Squashy music came from my boots as I stepped about, and so numb were my fingers that they could barely identify a stove, its ascending pipe, and—Hurray! a full match-safe. I found a lamp and lighted it.

I glimpsed a bunk and blankets, then thrilled at the sight of a full wood-box and plenty of kindling. In five minutes' time a roaring fire was crusting the mud on my pants, and while my coat hung steaming over a bench dragged close to the fire, I looked around for food.

There was bacon, a hunk of baking-powder bread, and a paper bag holding coffee. Gleefully I went about the preparation of my first meal. I burned the bacon, the coffee was vile, but for me in my condition the viands were a feast. Satisfied at last, I wrenched off my boots and stripped myself to the skin. The blankets were rough to a Boston lad accustomed to sheets, but never had I taken more comfort in a bed. Snug and warm I lay for a few minutes listening contentedly to the baffled wind, the frustrated rain drumming overhead, then sleep found me.

During the night the storm died, and with the coming of morning and my awakening, all was bright and fair. A fire built, a frugal breakfast prepared and eaten, and I beat the dried muck from my clothes and made shift to struggle into partly dried boots. A few misgivings came as I wondered what the owner of the cabin would think of my trespassing, and then the thought occurred that I could at least tidy up the place and leave it as found. I did this, then stepped outside and took in the surroundings.

Over behind a butte not two miles distant, a cloud of black smoke was visible, and even as I looked and wondered if Sand Coulée nestled beneath it, the hoarse note of a steam-whistle came floating up from that direction. The welcome sun shining on my back, I set off down the muddy trail, and presently the barren valley narrowed, twisted, and I came to a railroad track. Up the track I saw a straggling row of buildings hugging one side of what I in my ignorance would have called a "canyon." Untouched as yet by the risen sun the row of structures was uninspiring and steeped in gloom. Yet to me the frowzy layout was bathed in Romance and Mystery. For was it not a mining town that *Deadwood Dick* tied his steed to a hitch-rail before going about his gun-fighting?

Full of hope I stepped nimbly along the ties until I came to the first building. It was a saloon, its false front lending it the dignity of a two-storied structure. Nearby stood the Company Store, dignified likewise by a pseudo front elevation. I entered and found its tow-headed boss weighing out sugar for one of the boarding houses. He listened, his pale blue eyes taking in my spotted and wrinkled garments, and when I'd finished telling him I was looking for work, he waved the sugar-scoop and pointed up the coulée.

"Der bane plenty underground yobs," he lilted in the sing-song fashion of my late bunkmates at the Diamond-F. "You see der Super. He'll give you a yob—three tollers a day."

In a shack roofed with corrugated iron I found the Super poring over a set of blue-prints. He was busy, brusque, but not unkind.

"How old are you?" he shot at me when I'd finished stating my wants.

"Eighteen," I answered boldly, and looked him square in the eye.

He sized me up, and so long was his inspection I began to fear I'd not be taken on. Now was the time to put on a false front—to add adult dignity to my youthful stature. With all the assumed nonchalance I could muster, and with skill born of several weeks' practise, I turned my head and spat far out over the threshold. Not a drop fell on my chin. When I looked again at the Super I could sense that my neat work had impressed him, for he was now conferring with a clerk who I learned later was the assistant timekeeper.

"I'll try you out as a mucker," the Super said presently. "You go with Gang 14." He turned to the clerk. "Sign him up and find him a boarding house," he instructed, and resumed his study of the blue-prints.

I signed where told, and after giving the name and address of my nearest relative, was handed a brass check stamped with figures. "That's your number, Kid," the clerk said, and led the way to one of the big boarding houses.

I was assigned to a bed in the dormitory on the second floor, and later taken to the Company Store and outfitted with a miner's cap, blue overalls, and a tin dinner-pail. Proudly I strutted back to my quarters, for I was now on a payroll and about to earn a man's wages.

All too slowly to suit me the day dragged on, measured by the raucous noon whistle and the intermittent thundering of coal-chutes spouting the soft black fuel into waiting cars of the Great Northern. I talked with the Swedish cook, with the Swedish boarding-house keeper, and gleaned many facts.

The mines, the houses and stores of Sand Coulée, even its one saloon, were the property of the Great Northern Railroad. The coal mined there kept the wheels spinning over its thousands of miles of trackage. It was "rotten" coal. "You put in one hodful and take out two hodsful of ashes," as the cook put it. But it was practically the only coal between Minnesota and Utah. More than a thousand men were at work here underground in the various shafts. The wages were good. The work was steady throughout the year. The Company was "square," and saw to it that the lessee of the saloon put no water in his whiskey and handled nothing but the best Milwaukee beer.

(To be continued next week)

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Among the Carmel fellows going up to Stanford this week to start the October semester are Johnny Campbell, William Millis, Ted Leidig, Nick Broughton and James Broughton.

As I Saw It in 1929

By Harold L. Mack

A few months ago this country was extremely prosperous. Business in many lines was going along at top speed. Securities were selling at very high prices. The savings of millions of our people were invested in securities representing the industries of the Nation. The only rift in the horizon was the high price that had to be paid for credit.

Since then the country has experienced one of the worst panics that it has ever known. Prices of securities were cut not only in half but, in some cases, down to a mere fraction of what they were selling for. The savings of many people who could ill afford it were wiped out and, in addition, the tremendous fortunes of many wealthy people were entirely dissipated. The shrinkage in the value of securities amounted to billions and the effects of the panic were felt in every country on the globe.

Our bankers, our leading business men, and the highest political officials were compelled to adopt the most strenuous means to prevent an even worse calamity. Business men and bankers from all over the United States were hurriedly called to Washington to adopt ways and means of stimulating industry so that the effects of the panic might be remedied as far as possible.

All this transition from a period of extreme prosperity to a period of extreme depression came about without any declaration of war, any bank failures, any business depression, any National calamity, or any of the other causes that have brought about such a condition in previous times.

If we were suddenly to see a building constructed of strong and sound materials as far as we know topple down over night, we would become alarmed. If we should see hundreds of our strongest men, apparently in perfect health, stricken to death without exterior cause, we would become panicky and would make the most strenuous and thorough investigation to find out the underlying cause. If a strong and well-constructed building suddenly developed structural weakness so great as to to endanger the safety of the entire structure, we would not be content to strengthen this building with temporary braces and let it go at that; we would attempt to find out what defects in the construction caused the collapse. If hundreds of our men were suddenly stricken over night, we would not be content to administer strychnine or other artificial stimulants so that they would again show a semblance of health, but we would insist upon knowing what mistakes of their lives were causing this sudden dissolution.

And yet this country has changed from one of strength, prosperity and abounding wealth and has become hesitant, panicky and sorely weakened financially almost over night and *our political leaders, bankers, and business men seem perfectly content to administer doses of stimulant* so as to bring about an *apparent revival* of prosperity *without in any way endeavoring to correct basic conditions of our weakness and so prevent a similar collapse at any future time*. All of which seems to me to be extremely futile and to show a lack of sound constructive thought on the part of those in whose hands we have placed the destiny of our country.

It is a fact that credit is the life-blood of all business. Take two men starting in business at the same time with the same amount of capital. Allow one man to borrow freely from the bank so that he can put in a large stock of attractive goods and withhold all credit from the other man so that he can only buy as far as his capital will go. The man who has been allowed credit will outstrip his competitor and get practically all the business. Credit speeds up and stimulates a business in every direction. If we could only buy what we would pay cash for, our purchases would be very limited. Installment buying is buying on credit. Whenever we charge a bill of goods, we are using credit. The store that allows us to charge for our purchases must in turn have credit with the manufacturers or with banks so that it may extend credit to its customers. It is this continuous flow of the stream of credit through all forms of business that allows for the free interchange of goods and commodities.

Now it is a fact that credit, unless carefully watched, will always flow into the easiest and most attractive channels. It stands to reason that if a person is going to lend to another person, or in other words, extend credit to him, he is going to lend it to the person who he is sure will repay him and who will pay him the most attractive interest for the use of his money. If a man is sure that one man is a millionaire and another man requires careful investigation before he can determine his wealth, he is going to lend the money to the millionaire—all things being equal. No one cares to work any harder than one has to. If a man can get away from the job of looking into a man's financial responsibility when another man, who he knows is financially responsible, is willing to borrow his money at the same rate of interest, he will lend it to that man.

To get down to the conditions existing in this country, the worst people to lend money to are the farmers. They are dependent upon Nature, in many cases, for a successful crop. They very seldom have any great amount of cash on hand. Their wealth is tied up in land, live stock, and buildings, not easily converted into cash. If they borrow money, it may take many years before they can repay it. The tendency, therefore, is to loan less and less to the farmer. The most attractive person to whom money may be loaned is the man who can give salable securities. Whenever I want money, I can get it. All I have to do is to tell the broker to sell the securities and I receive my cash. Real estate is another form of security that is not attractive. Real estate is not readily salable. When you lend money on real estate you have to have it appraised. There is no stock market with quoted prices on which you can depend for its disposal value.

Going right down the list, we could tabulate various types of business as to their desirability or undesirability as to credit purposes. As we have said before, credit flows into the easiest channels. Sensing this condition, our industrial leaders have obtained a practical monopoly on the credit of this country through the issuing of stock certificates and making them attractive and salable through listing them on the various exchanges. The result has been that credit has flown into these industrial channels and we find ourselves today with the lop-sided and ill-balanced economical structure that a month or so ago toppled at the first sign of stress. After all is said and done, our bankers are the ones who are responsible for our supplies of credit. They are the guardians of our funds. In former years bankers were hard-headed men, generally of mature years, who were not easily carried away by the enthusiasm of youth and who acted as a steadying influence on the growth of our Nation through their control of our supply of credit.

However, demands of a young and growing Nation were not to be denied. Our industrial growth as well as our agricultural prosperity caused too great a demand to be made on the then available

supply of credit with the result that money became so scarce as to cause a withdrawal of needed funds from various healthy enterprises with the result that we had periodical periods of depression which it was found necessary to obviate. The structure of the Federal Reserve system was evolved so as to allow credit to expand when legitimate demand was made upon it, as when then thought, and contract when the demand no longer existed. Unfortunately, it has not quite worked out that way. It is true that the expansion has been taken care of, but the contraction has been woefully lacking. As a demand on the Federal Reserve System was made for increased credit for legitimate purposes, the banks obtained more and more funds on which they became desirous of making a legitimate return. Now, easy credit is generally dangerous.

Any man with too much money is bound to spend it without the same thought as a man who must consider his expenditures. The same thing applies to banks and bankers. Whenever they have funds greatly in excess of the amount needed for legitimate industry, they have become very free with their offers of loans and they have scrutinized less and less carefully those to whom they loaned such funds.

During the War an enormous amount of credit was necessary to keep our War industries going. These industries had to be expanded without any regard to their peace-time needs. When the War suddenly ceased this enormous amount of credit which had been created became a drug on the market. For years money could be obtained for 1½ and 2 per cent. Now when credit may be obtained for as low as two percent, many industries can be made profitable where they could not keep themselves going if they had to pay six per cent for such funds. In addition, the desire of bankers to keep these funds employed caused them to extend credit to many industries not economically sound. Industries began to be based more and more upon luxuries than upon necessities and high-pressure sales methods kept such industries alive. Many of these industries, starting in a small way, stimulated by an unwanted supply of credit, became enormously profitable. As these profits accrued, in which not only the bankers but the public also shared, credit began to be withdrawn from farmers and other difficult borrowers to be loaned to the industrial leaders for business expansion.

Land is the basis of all wealth. After all is said and done everything we use is obtained from the land. France is the greatest exponent of a balanced economical life of any country. France has been devastated and overrun and warred over more than any other country on the continent and yet France is always basically prosperous. Why? Because she is first and foremost a nation of small farmers. Her industrious enterprises are small, diversified, and sound, but the largest part of her population are tillers of the soil. When a man raises his food from the soil, he can get along with very little, no matter what conditions might arise. A man who owns a farm is generally a steady worker. He saves his money. He does not go from city to city, or from job to job. He raises his family; he participates in the life of the Nation and is in every way the backbone of any body politic.

On the other hand, take England. Years ago England saw the necessity of supplying her far-flung colonies with manufactured materials. She found it more profitable to manufacture goods from other countries and to buy her food from them in return. The result was that her farms were abandoned. It was too much work to cope with a small piece of ground when it was so much easier to build factories and make cutlery, clothing, shoes, steel, and other manufactured goods and England became tremendously prosperous and enormously rich.

Then the War came. A strain was put upon the country. As a result of the War and the easy credit that became available, as we have pointed out in the foregoing, America became an industrial Nation. She developed types of manufacture far superior to the methods employed in England. Her labor-saving devices enabled her to make profits with which England's old time methods could not compete. The result was that England has lost to a great extent her industrial supremacy and having no solid foundation of agriculture to fall back upon has found herself unable to recover from the effects of the War. It is true that if England could collect her bills and rehabilitate her industrial life she might be in a position to compete with this country, but industrial life is subject to all forms of adversity and once destroyed takes many, many years to build up again.

While industrial life may be very prosperous for a short time, it has a distinct tendency to destroy the human element involved in it. The man of industry is never the stalwart man of the farm. They do not make the type of citizen that stands for solidity and permanent prosperity.

Under the regime of republican leaders and their theory of high tariff, this Nation has been paid well for its attention to developing industrial supremacy. The farmer has been entirely neglected. Our bankers refused to lend him money. He can only buy from hand to mouth. He is the under dog. He has been long-suffering, but gradually the temptation of easy living has taken hold of him and more and more farmers are abandoning their farms to get a share of the easy money to be found in industrial

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centers. Our cities are growing, but our rural communities are being steadily depleted.

Credit, as we have said, flows into the easiest channels. Our stock exchanges have built up an enormously efficient market for the purchase and sale of securities. We take these securities to banks and borrow money on them. No investigation is necessary on the part of the bank to secure funds. All that the bankers have to do is to look at the prices at which the stocks are quoted on the Exchange and they will lend approximately 66⅔ per cent of the quoted price.

During the past few years we have seen the prices of stocks rise in some cases from $20 a share to as high as $500 a share. These are not isolated cases. Many stocks have risen from $100 to $200 a share in the course of a few weeks. For example, let us take a stock that was selling at $60 per share two years ago. A man could take this stock to the bank obtain $40 a share on it. In other words, use up $40 worth of credit in making the purchase. Six months later the stock sells at $120 a share. He could take this same stock and borrow $80 a share on it. After another six months, this stock sells at $240 a share. He could then borrow at least $150 per share from the bank. Now it stands to reason that while the quoted value of this security might have risen from $60 to $240 per share in the space of a year, its asset value could not have become so enhanced. The quoted sale value of the security was all that was necessary to borrow a tremendously increased amount on the security.

Now let us take, for instance, a piece of real estate, in San Francisco located at the corner of Market and Kearney Streets. This piece of real estate say, is worth a million dollars. It returns six per cent on this amount and if a person wanted to find a buyer he could, by doing considerable work, find some one who would pay One Million Dollars for it. We all know that real estate cannot be disposed of in a few moments. It requires investigation, appraisement, and searching of titles and many other such things before one puts his money in a piece of property. Let us suppose, then, that some one who thought that the city was about to have a tremendous growth came along and was willing to pay three million dollars for this same piece of property. The bankers would laugh at you if you tried to borrow two million dollars on it just because it might be sold at a tremendously increased price. They would rather tell the man that bought it that he was a fool, and while they were perfectly willing to lend him $600,000 or what they considered 60 per cent of its value, they would not be willing to lend two million dollars just because he thought the city was going to grow rapidly.

With securities there is no such line of reasoning. Securities that you could not borrow more than $40 a share on two years ago, could be used for $200 a share credit before the break in the market—without batting an eye. Naturally such a condition could not last.

The whole trouble was that the bankers became careless with their supplies of credit. First: because credit was so plentiful; Second: because a lot of young men went into the banking business who had never experienced adversity; and third, because the bankers became arrogant through the tremendous industrial profits that were being made and the fact that securities were being readily sold at far beyond their asset value. Everyone relied upon the fact that there would be some sucker who would come along to whom he could dispose of his stock whenever he wanted to, and then suddenly the bubble burst.

It burst in the tulip farms in Holland. It burst in the Florida land boom. It burst in the Mississippi River bubble, and it burst in the United States because credit became careless and the demand for funds exceeded the supply.

Some scheme must be devised by which, regardless of the quoted value of stocks, the credit supply of the Nation cannot be loaned except for the sound asset value of the security.

Naturally it is going to slow up our industrial life. Naturally it is going to prevent stocks being bought and sold at the rate of millions of shares per day. Naturally it is going to cut into the commissions of brokers, and naturally it is going to destroy, for a period of time, our so-called outward appearance of prosperity. But when the credit supply available in this country becomes no easier to be disposed of to security borrowers than it would be to farmers, or sound builders, we are going to have a very much more easily balanced National life. If the banker finds it just as difficult to lend to a broker as to lend to a farmer, he will give the farmer at least an even break. If he finds it not more profitable to lend it on a thousand shares of stock than it would be to finance a sound building enterprise, he will look with favor on the sound building enterprise. In other words, the difficult things of this life will be given their fair show.

It is absolutely axiomatic that the strongest men tackle the most difficult things of life *and if we continually starve our strongest men* and withhold from them their rightful help to build up their enterprises, *we are going to create a race of weaklings* that cannot help but destroy, in the long run, our National life. We would hear less about flaming youth, joy rides, drinking parties, murders and all the other undesirable things that seem to be featured so much on the front pages of our newspapers if we would make it a bit more difficult to make millions in this country and cause those who were making money to do sounder and harder work and lead a less mechanicalized existance.

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NO COVER CHARGE

When all is said and done, man must live by the sweat of his brow. Labor must be brought back to the scheme of things. Labor-saving devices are all right in their place, but they can be overdone and they are now being overdone in this country. Nothing can replace the sound beauty of handmade articles and, while I do not wish for a moment to extend any theory that will do away with machines, I do think a proper balance must be made between hand labor and machines so that life will blossom to its fullest extent.

The destiny of our Nation is in the hands of the political leaders and of the bankers. The political leaders make the laws. The bankers control credit. Human nature is pretty much the same all over the world. We all need leaders, whom we can follow, and unless our leaders are men who have sufficient character and vision to take the hard way when the easy way is more expedient for the time being, this Nation is always going to take the easy way until it becomes so weakened through self-indulgence that it will become easy prey for any Nation who prefers to struggle for its living.

We must have someone in Washington who is not content to stimulate a stricken Nation through artificial remedies, but must be brave and strong enough to force our leaders to balance our National life. This can be brought about through the control of the available credit of the Nation and sympathetic understanding on the part of those in control of our credit that it is more desirable from our National standpoint to foster the more difficult enterprises of our individuals such as agriculture than the more profitable and easier development of large industrial combinations which, while they create prosperity of a certain type, destroy the individual in so doing.

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KRISHNAMURTI ANSWERS QUESTIONS

So accustomed is the mind to struggling with obscure and difficult problems that it is sometimes confused when faced with the utmost simplicity. This was the experience of some of us at the Greene Studio on Friday afternoon last when listening to Krishnamurti as he answered questions. Even the questions themselves, instead of arising out of a simple approach to life, were distorted and burdened with the many ideas left over from all kinds of philosophies and theories.

After penetrating to the heart of the question and making clear to the questioner what he really wanted to know, Krishnamurti put himself and the group in the attitude of trying to find out. As he cleared the question of all the ideas clinging to it, a light seemed to shine from within it, as it were, and the answer, if it were an answer, came forth with a life of its own.

This simple attitude to the problems of the intellect seemed to dissolve them without effort. In place of the confusion came clarity . . . as when a storm suddenly ceases and the clouds lift . . . and there is the whole landscape flooded with sunlight!

Many minds, still searching for new ideas to take away with them, put forth questions . . . until it soon became evident that this mental hunger would not be fed; but that a new and wonderful thing was taking place. Instead of being answered, or resisted, the questions dissolved in the light of pure intelligence.

This awakening of intelligence, this alert and vital living, is after all such a simple thing that we began to wonder why we had not seen it before. It was as if we turned our eyes from straining towards an obscure goal, and found ourselves in the midst of what we sought. So many tensions broke in this springing upright, that we were a little afraid of the pure simplicity of the experience.

It was not so much what was said, but a sense of vitality and truth behind the words, that became so significant an experience.

A different *quality* of understanding began to dawn upon us . . . something relaxed and quite effortless. It seemed as if we were being drawn back from all tensions into a delicate and exquisite poise; as if the mind, locked within itself as a flower within a bud, suddenly realized that all it had to do was to open!

—D. H.

❀ ❀

Injuries suffered in a fall a short time ago, followed by pneumonia, caused the death last week of Mrs. Genevieve Astley, wife of Norman Astley, well-known Carmel resident.

Mrs. Astley, who was 79 years old, has been confined to her home by illness for several years. The fall which caused her death is reported to have resulted from an attempt to leave her bed which caused a spell of dizziness.

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